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The EVENING TALE

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M O R A L T A L E S,

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A M U S E M E N T o f Y O U T H.

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PASTORALS, &c.

The STRAYED LAMB.

IN the days of pastoral innocence, Silvia, a village maid, led her father's flock to graze on the verdant side of the mountain, or to drink at the cooling spring. Her cheeks were dimpled with the smiles of innocence and good-humour, her complexion, blooming as the rose, and her hair like threads of the finest gold. She was esteemed the fairest who mingled in the evening dance, and was not more admired for beauty, than gentleness and modesty. Silvia was the delight of all, but more especially of her parents, and the old blind shepherd her grandfather. It was her daily care to lead him to the coolest shade, where, sheltered from the noon-day sun, he might listen to the melody of her

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voice

voice which she joined with the thrush and linnet to entertain him. Silvia would have been happy but for Polecrite; under a fair and blooming person this young shepherdess concealed an envious and malicious heart: the songs which the shepherds had chaunted in praise of her beauty, had so filled her with vanity, that she thought herself fairest among the nymphs, and was ready to die with envy at every commendation bestowed upon another. The beauty and modesty of Silvia rendered her above all others the object of Polecrite's hatred and jealousy. She often retired from the dance for no other reason than to escape the mortification of witnessing the delight with which the presence of Silvia inspired every beholder; for much as Polecrite loved admiration, such was her envy, that rather than share it with another, she was content to forego it herself.

Polecrite industriously circulated falsehoods to prejudice Silvia in the opinion of her neighbours, but Silvia was so gentle and inoffensive in her conduct, that the reports which Polecrite raised to her discredit, usually

ally turned to her own, by discovering the envy and malice of her heart.

Finding that she could not deprive Silvia of her good name, Polecite vented her rancour by doing her every ill-office that came within her power; if Silvia's flocks happened at any time to intermingle with her's, Polecite never failed to let the poor inoffensive animals feel severely the effects of the hatred she bore their mistress: if Silvia's favorite kid had strayed beyond its knowledge, and was in danger of being lost, Polecite was the last person who would lead it to the flock, or relieve the anxiety of its mistress by informing her where it was; yet Silvia could have born all patiently, had not Polecite extended her resentment to the poor old blind shepherd her grandfather. If Polecite met him by chance unattended by Silvia, she wickedly would take advantage of his want of sight, to direct him the opposite way to that he wanted to go, and she thought herself uncommonly fortunate, if when the old shepherd sat down to rest, she had an opportunity of placing his staff beyond his

reach, that he might be at a loss for it to rest upon as he walked home.

Silvia on these occasions with difficulty preserved her usual moderation, but knowing that a different conduct would only furnish her enemy with a pretext for repeating her insults, her remonstrances were always expressed with great mildness.

One day Silvia having strayed with her flocks farther than usual, was returning with Marinet, the daughter of a neighbouring shepherd, late in the evening, when, in passing by a wood, she heard the bleating of a sheep. Silvia supposed it to have strayed from some neighbouring shepherd's flock, and stepping on one side into the wood, in a few minutes returned with a beautiful little white lamb.

When Marinet looked upon it, she exclaimed, I know the owner by the black spot in the forehead. It is Polecrite's favorite lamb, turn it into the wood again, Silvia, and let us go.

Not without the lamb, said Silvia, tying a string about its neck.

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It is your enemy's favourite, said Marinet, what would you do with it?

I will take it home, said Silvia, and feed it, possibly it is hungry, and in the morning I will restore it to Polecrite.

Do you think, said Marinet, that Polecrite would do this by your lambs? no, no, Silvia, she would rather rejoice in your loss, and leave them to perish.

That is not any reason, said Silvia, that I should be so ungenerous. No Marinet, I will take care of the poor little creature, and teach Polecrite when she meets my lambs to be less unkind to them.

Saying this, she led Polecrite's lamb by the string to her father's cottage.

As Silvia knew the little animal was bred up by hand, when she had penned her flock, she fed it with bread and milk, and sheltered it all night in her chamber, for it was too late to restore it that evening to Polecrite.

Early the next morning, as she had promised, Silvia called upon her friend Marinet, who had requested to go with her when she carried home Polecrite's lamb. The shep-

herdels was employed in weaving some fresh gathered flowers into a garland, which, when finished, she threw round the lamb. Marinete was a generous good-natured girl, and being convinced she had acted wrongly, in persuading Silvia to desert the poor inoffensive animal, because it belonged to one whom she had cause to dislike, she meant by adorning it to let her see that she approved, and wished to imitate her conduct. Silvia was much pleased with this mark of Marinete's approbation, and the two friends cheerfully set out for Polecrite's cottage, leading the lamb between them.

How rejoiced, said Silvia, as they walked, will Polecrite be, when we restore her little favorite! what a pleasure there is, Marinete, in having it in our power to make any one happy, even though it is an enemy!

At this moment they perceived Polecrite advancing, with her hair unbraided, and her eyes much swelled with weeping.

Ah! said Marinete, here is Polecrite, she is already out in search of her lamb, and has been weeping the loss of it.

Polecrite

Polecrite did not observe her lamb, and judging from her own disposition, and the many ill-turns she had done Silvia, that she would rejoice in her distress, rather than, if in her power, relieve it, would have turned aside into another path to avoid an interview, had not the two friends, who perceived her intention, ran toward her with the lamb.

Polecrite, who had been seeking it till late the preceding evening, and was now almost in despair of finding it, was so rejoiced that for a time she thought of nothing but bestowing a thousand caresses on the little wanderer, and Silvia had advanced some paces on her way toward home, before Polecrite thought of making any acknowledgments for the service.

Great was her surprize, when she reflected that it was to Silvia she was indebted for the recovery of her favorite; what an amiable contrast did such a conduct form to her own! conviction flushed upon Polecrite's mind: she was overwhelmed with shame and confusion, she was almost persuaded instantly to acknowledge her past errors, and ask forgiveness

giveness of the generous girl she had injured; but pride kept her silent; her insults being unprovoked, she knew not what excuse to make for them, and might possibly have stood undetermined till all her good resolutions vanished, had she not observed that Silvia gained ground and was at a considerable distance. The ingratitude of not acknowledging her obligations at that instant, struck so forcibly on her mind, that without knowing what she did, she ran to overtake her.

Marinet and Silvia seeing her intention, stopped; Polecite came up with them, and, in great confusion, thanked Silvia for what she had done. She wished to acknowledge her errors, but knew not how to begin; her speech faltered, her cheek burnt with shame, and her eyes were bent on the ground, as if dreading to meet those of Silvia.

Silvia saw, and pitied her embarrassment. She affectionately took her hand—spoke of the beauty of the morning, and asked her to walk with them to her father's cottage. The invitation was evidently made with the view
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of relieving Polecrite's confusion, the young shepherdes was overcome with an instance of generosity so unexpected; she confessed herself unworthy of such kindness, and entreated Silvia, if it were possible, to forgive the wrongs she had done her.

Nothing more was required on the part of Silvia to effect the most perfect reconciliation, she embraced Polecrite, who from such kind treatment felt grèater remorse, than had Silvia loaded her with the most cutting reproaches.

The envy with which Polecrite had viewed Silvia, was from this moment changed into a laudable desire to imitate her virtues. Instead of persecuting, it became Polecrite's study to render herself worthy of the friendship, which ever after reigned between her and Silvia; who, by her generous conduct, had not only the pleasure of effecting Polecrite's reformation, but of changing her bitterest enemy into the most sincere friend.

DORILLAS.

D O R I L L A S.

THE shepherd Amyntas, in his last moments bequeathed his son Corin to the care of Aristus: the same spreading elm shaded the cottages of the two shepherds, and the same rivulet bounded their pastures. The fields of Amyntas were small, and he possessed few flocks, but they excited the avarice of his treacherous neighbour; Aristus, when Amyntas died, basely seized upon them for his own use, and sold Corin, who was only seven years of age, to some wandering shepherds. Aristus had also a son. Dorillas was young, he had yet seen but thirteen summers; the generous youth wept, entreated and pleaded against the injustice of his father with the eloquence of honest simplicity, but the fields of Corin, which seemed the more desirable, as they lay adjacent to his own, rendered the old shepherd deaf to all his son could urge in favor of poor Corin. The wandering

wandering shepherds carried the son of Amyntas into a distant part of the country, and Aristus gave it out among his neighbours, that the child had been devoured by a wild beast. His tale was believed, but the vengeance of heaven seemed to pursue him; his fields were burnt by lightning, a pestilential disease swept off great numbers of his flock, and at the close of three years Aristus died, and left his son possessed of little more than the cottage and fields which once belonged to Amyntas.

Dorillas loved his father though he detested his vices: he followed Aristus to the grave overwhelmed with grief, and beheld many suns go down with an eye wet with the tear of tender recollection. Time abated his sorrow, and then it was, those virtues which had long glowed in the bosom of the generous youth, shone forth in their full lustre. Regardless of interest, that idol to which even shepherds bow, Dorillas set out in pursuit of Corin, to restore to him his cottage, his fields and his flocks.

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The sun had just tinged the eastern clouds, when Dorillas, with his faithful dog Tray left his cottage. His scrip was furnished with the shepherd's humble fare, and at his leathern belt hung his flute, and a small drinking horn, out of which he quaffed the cooling fluid from the limpid spring.

“What a lovely morning!” said the youth, as he pursued his way through the dewy meads; “never sure did the fields look so gay, the gale smell so fresh, nor the soaring lark warble so sweetly!”

Ah! shepherd, dost thou not guess the cause? thou art just and virtuous, to thee therefore do the flowers seem fairer, the gales sweeter, and the song of the lark more charming.

When Dorillas heard the shepherd's pipe, or the tinkling of a distant fold, his heart beat with hope; there he sought Corin, but five days in vain he traversed mead and wood.

“Alas! poor youth!” said Dorillas, “in what unknown plains dost thou wander? exposed to the parching heats of summer,
“and

“ and the chilling frosts of winter, in what
“ solitary vale dost thou watch the flocks
“ of the shepherd’s? ah! what joy to restore
“ to thee thy cottage and thy fields! Doril-
“ las will be poor, but he will be just. Hea-
“ ven will bless his labours, honesty will
“ render them light and pleasant.”

As Dorillas said this, he perceived that the sun rapidly declined toward the western hills, and that he was at the entrance of a thick wood; he looked round, and judging that he was distant from any hamlet or village, was pleased to observe a cave to afford him shelter from the damps of the night.

Upon entering he found that a part of it jutted forward in the form of a couch, whether designed by nature or art he could not tell, but he thought it a convenient place to rest upon, and went out in pursuit of moss and dried leaves to render it more commodious. Unwilling, lest he should lose his tract, to venture into the mazy windings of the wood, he turned toward a range of hills which defended one side of the cavern, and was proceeding to furnish himself with a

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plenteous supply of moss and wild herbage, when a piece of loose earth falling, left the surface of an iron pot exposed to his view. Dorillas eagerly removed the surrounding earth, and discovered, with equal joy and surprize, that the pot was filled with gold. He conveyed it to the cave where he designed to pass the night, and taking from his scrip some roots and brown bread, made a chearful meal, not forgetting honest Tray, who sat by impatiently expecting the savory morsel he was accustomed to receive from his master's hand. The shepherd then stretching himself upon the moss he had gathered, enjoyed the peaceful and undisturbed slumbers of innocence and virtue.

The treasure Dorillas had found, did not divert the honest purpose of his heart: in the morning he arose, buried the pot of money till his return in a corner of the cave, and again set forward in pursuit of Corin. He travelled without interruption, till the heat growing insupportable, he turned aside into a little coppice, and seating himself beneath a spreading lime, took his
flute

flute, and while he breathed from it the sweetest notes, enjoyed the cool breeze that whispered among the trees. Dorillas was interrupted by Tray, who having left his side, now returned and was very troublesome; he barked, pulled his master by the coat, wagged his tail, then barked again, run a little way off, scented the ground, and again returned and pulled the skirts of his master's coat. Dorillas was angry, Tray was still troublesome. As the dog was, in general, under good command, Dorillas was surprized, and resolved to follow whither he would lead.

When his master arose, Tray wagged his tail, and running a little way, stopped to see whether he would follow. Dorillas followed him into a vale on one side of the road, where he saw a poor boy tending of sheep. His garments were of the coarsest stuff and much worn, and he rested on his crook pensive and dejected.

Tray ran toward the boy, jumpt upon him, and then stood still and looked at Dorillas. The boy stroked the honest cur, pat-

ted his head, and cried poor Tray! thou hast not forgotten thy old master, thou hast not forgotten poor Corin.

Corin! said Dorillas, with an accent of pleasure and surprize, do not my ears deceive me? art thou indeed the hapless youth whom I have so long sought in vain? Corin was too much engaged with Tray to attend to the exclamation of Dorillas; still he stroked the affectionate cur, and cried, "poor honest fellow! poor faithful Tray!" it is many a long day since thou used to range the fields at the side of Corin; ah! Tray, those were happy days! Dorillas with pleasure beheld the affectionate meeting between Tray and his old master, for the reader is, by this time, aware, that the dog formerly belonged to Corin. He was affected with the pathetic tone of voice in which the poor boy addressed his old servant, and reverted to his days of prosperity; he fell upon Corin's neck, and in accents frequently broken by tears, said, "Dear youth, I am Dorillas, I am Dorillas, the son of Aristus, thy father's neighbour, he is dead; to me, Corin, he was the best
" of

“ of father’s, but he is gone. I have sought
“ thee over hill and through valley, in the
“ chearful hamlet and the unfrequented
“ waste; the woodbines at the door of thy
“ cottage call thee to crop their spreading
“ boughs, thy pastures demand the plow,
“ and thy flocks bleat for their shepherd.
“ Sorrow, dear Corin, shall no longer dwell
“ in thy heart; Tray shall again scour the
“ fields with his old master, Corin shall re-
“ turn to his cottage, his fields, and his
“ flocks.”

The poor boy could scarcely restrain his transports of joy and gratitude; and shall I indeed, said he, see the cottage of my father? Shall I again see the plains where I was so chearful and happy? Dorillas assured him that he should, and judging, from the want which was strongly pictured in his countenance, that some refreshment would be acceptable, he sat down beneath a spreading elm, and opening his scrip, invited Corin to partake with him of the simple fare it contained.

After their repast, Corin at the request of his friend, informed the shepherd, whose flocks he watched, of his good fortune, and having resigned his charge, and bid farewell to his master, set forward with Dorillas to take possession of his paternal cottage and fields.

Corin's heart beat with joy and gratitude, and Dorillas enjoyed sensations equally pleasing, Tray seemed as if he partook of their happiness, for he frisked and frolicked before them all the way.

As they walked, Dorillas informed Corin of the treasure he had found, and soon after they entered the cave where it was concealed, resolving, as it was late, to pass the night there.

In the morning they dug up the iron pot, and proceeded on their way with the treasure it contained.

In a few days they arrived at the end of their journey. Corin could not forbear weeping with joy when they came in sight of his cottage, Dorillas's eyes sparkled with delight as he led him into the little garden
before

before it. He shewed him the slip of elder which he had planted, grown into a spreading tree, and plucked him ripe apples from the tree, which was but a seedling when he left the plains. Ah! poor Robin, said Corin, chirping to a thrush which hung over the door of the cottage, are you there still, and is poor old mag alive too? The poor old magpye, replied Dorillas, I am sorry to say, died in the winter; poor harmless thing, she chattered to the very last, she fell off the perch crying, poor Corin! I buried her under the rose bush at the end of the garden. As they walked through the pastures, a speckled ram came bounding to Dorillas; ah! Corin, said the good-natured youth, here is an old friend of your's, have you forgot poor *Frolic*? the little lamb who used to eat out of your hand, and follow wherever you went.

Is this *Frolic*! said Corin. *Frolic*, *Frolic*, do you remember Corin? Ah! no, you are not like poor tray, you have forgotten your old master, *Frolic*.

With

With the treasure Dorillas had found he re-purchased the pastures his father had sold, repaired his cottage, a part of which had been rendered uninhabitable, enlarged Corin's flock, and purchased one for himself, with two cows and a range of bees.

The residue of the money he distributed among the poor shepherds of the hamlet, for Dorillas was too wise and too moderate to covet more than he could enjoy. He had restored Corin's lands, re-purchased his own, and possessed a flock as large as his ambition, what could he desire more? he was content. Had not Dorillas been just, he had not travelled in pursuit of poor Corin, he had not found the treasure, which rendered him one of the richest shepherds in the Hamlet. His good fortune pleased him, but his highest reward, was the satisfaction which arose from the consciousness of fulfilling his duty, a reward which made Dorillas to the latest hour of his life, with pleasure call to mind the day in which he restored to Corin his cottage, his fields, and his flocks.

The SHEPHERD of the VALE.

ON the banks of a rush bordered stream, which flowed through a sequestered vale, a cottage had long stood unobserved by the careless eye of the traveller; beneath its peaceful thatch dwelt a young shepherd called Thyrsis; a little field, a few sheep, and this humble habitation, were all his possessions, but health and innocence rendered him chearful and content. Thyrsis was the pride of all the neighbouring shepherds, not alone for the graces of his form, nor because the notes which he breathed from his pipe were sweeter than any other youth's, but because none were so gentle, so kind, so amiable as Thyrsis. Had a ewe strayed from a neighbouring fold, who fled so swiftly over hill and valley to bring back the wanderer as Thyrsis, or so kindly sheltered it from the damp of the evening; who so chearfully sacrificed the first of his little flock to the necessities

necessities of a friend, or so readily administered to the infirmities of age; how often has the good youth borne the heat of the day for the old shepherds, and led their flocks to water, whilst they enjoyed the cool breeze, stretched beneath the poplar shade. Who was so ready to oblige as Thyrsis; if a shepherd admired his holiday crook, it was his. If another praised the song of his starling, it presently sung at the door of his cottage. Did another admire his chaplet, it was no longer on Thyrsis's brow.

When Thyrsis led his flock to the hills, joy was diffused over every countenance, the old men loved him as a son, the young ones as a brother; how modest, how generous, how wise, yet how young, exclaimed the old shepherds, is Thyrsis. The young shepherds joined in his praises, and though they acknowledged him the pride of their plains, they acknowledged it without envy; for Thyrsis was modest and unassuming.

Such was the character of Thyrsis, but alas! in this life virtue is not exempt from misfortune; torrents from the surrounding hills

hills swept away the peaceful dwelling of the young shepherd, and destroyed his little flock. Thyrsis would have shared the same fate, but he had that day left the valley, and was gone with some friends to a fair which was held at a few miles distant.

What a sight for the poor youth when he returned! he beheld the desolation of his native vale for some minutes in silent horror, then casting a look of anguish toward the spot on which his cottage once stood, What, said Thyrsis, my cottage, my field, all my pretty lambs gone!

He sat down on the ridge of the hill and wept, alas! said he, What will become of me, whither shall I go?

Having indulged his grief some time, Thyrsis arose and walked toward the village. In his way he was met by Asophus, the chief of the shepherds, revered for his age and wisdom. Thyrsis made a profound reverence to the venerable sage, who when informed of his calamity, invited him to his cottage.

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“ Why so melancholy, Thyrsis?” said Asophus, “ as they slowly walked to his cottage, “ do you not think my son, that he who “ has been pleased to deprive you of your “ cottage and flock, is able to restore them “ to you? Though my days are now spent in “ peace, and my flocks whiten the surrounding plains, in my youth I was not a stranger “ to affliction, my corn was mildewed in “ the ear, my fold thinned by disease, and I “ reduced to work for hire in the very fields “ of which I had been master: yet I bore “ my fate without murmuring, and God rewarded my submission by restoring to me “ an hundred fold that which he had taken “ away.”

Asophus was interrupted by Amyntas, his grand-son, who with two neighbouring youths advanced to meet him. Having paid their duty to the old shepherd, they all pressed forward to shake hands with Thyrsis, and perceiving that he was less chearful than usual, anxiously enquired the cause. Thyrsis, with a sigh, informed them of his misfortune. A sudden gloom overspread

spread the countenances of the youths, alas! said they, with one voice, cannot the flocks of Thyrsis feed secure in their pasture? is it thus heaven rewards gentleness and virtue!

It is not here, my children, said Asophus, that the virtuous are to expect a recompence; in this life their reward could be but *transitory*, but in the next it will be *eternal*.

When they arrived at the door of Asophus's cottage, the two youths who accompanied Amyntas took their leave; Asophus, his grandson, and Thyrsis, entered, and were presently seated at a board which Dorcas, the mother of Amyntas had spread with brown bread, milk, and different kinds of fruits. Thyrsis, who had profited by the discourse of his venerable host, resumed his spirits, and joined as usual in the innocent mirth of Asophus's family.

At the hour of rest, Thyrsis was conducted to a chamber in the hospitable cottage of Asophus, where, perfectly resigned to his fate, he commended himself to God, and soon fell into a peaceful sleep.

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Early

Early the next morning Thyrsis was awoke by a confused sound of voices, intermixed with the bleating of sheep, and upon looking through the casement of his window, perceived the inhabitants of the village assembled upon the plain before Asophus's cottage: but what surprised Thyrsis was that each led a sheep by a string. While he arrayed himself in his shepherd's weeds, he pondered in his mind what festival they were assembled to celebrate, but not being able to form any satisfactory conjecture, his curiosity soon brought him to the door, where he found Asophus and his grandsons.

What were the feelings of Thyrsis when he understood that each shepherd was come to make him an offering of one from his flock.

My dear friends and neighbours, said Thyrsis, with emotion, what do you mean? your kindness overpowers me.

We mean, Thyrsis, replied the shepherd Alexis, who spoke for the rest, to replace your flock which the torrents of yesterday swept away. These sheep Thyrsis are all your

your own, tell us whither shall we lead the poor things.

Alas! my friends, said Thyrsis, what claim have I upon your generosity, I have *health*, and industry will supply me with food and cloathing.

We have all, exclaimed the shepherds, sworn to dedicate one of our flock to Thyrsis. How, said Thyrsis, shall I ever repay such kindness! a small part of these sheep, continued the modest youth, would make Thyrsis richer than before the torrents destroyed his cottage and his fold, take back a part at least I beseech you.

A confused murmur was heard, the shepherds consulted among themselves, but not one was found who would forego the pleasure of sacrificing his ewe or his lamb to Thyrsis. Thyrsis, said they, with one voice, is worthy of all; Thyrsis blushed, and wept by turns, but the tears he shed, were tears of gratitude and pleasure. By the bounty of the shepherds he saw himself master of a numerous flock, he beheld it with transport, not because it rendered him wealthy,

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that was the least of his concern, but because every lamb and every ewe that composed it was a token of esteem and affection; his heart overflowed with joy and gratitude, to be beloved by so many! to have so many honest hearts interested in his welfare; ah! said the youth, what can a simple boy like Thyrsis have done to deserve such happiness!

The good old shepherd Asopbus, beheld this scene with delight; he congratulated Thyrsis upon his happiness, and addressing himself to all present, "Learn my friends," said he, "from Thyrsis to encourage gentleness and good-nature; what can dilate the heart like the consciousness of being beloved? look upon the youth before you. Do you imagine the delight which sparkles in his eye proceeds from the possession of a numerous flock? no, my friends, it arises from the grateful reflection, that he is in possession of your hearts.

"Universal esteem, my friends, is not so difficult to obtain as some have supposed it, imitate the example of Thyrsis; like
"Thyrsis

"Thyrsis be virtuous, gentle, and obliging,
"and like Thyrsis be esteemed, beloved,
"and happy."

Asophus ceased, the shepherds retired to
their respective employments, and Thyrsis
took possession of his flock.

The EVENING TALE.

AS Dorcas at the door of her cottage one summer's evening enjoyed the innocent discourse of her two grand-children, Richard and Daphne, the boy eleven and the girl ten years of age, they observed an old man attempting to draw something from the dyke which bounded an extensive pasture before Dorcas's cottage. Richard, who was one of the best-natured boys in the village, ran across the meadow to see whether his assistance would be serviceable, and finding that the old man was endeavouring to recover a kid which had fallen into the dyke, he sprang to the opposite side where the old man was, and together they presently drew out the kid, afterward the old man thanking Richard for his good-nature, wished him a good evening and went his way.

Richard, from his eagerness to assist the old man, had forgot to throw off his coat

which

which was unfortunately mudded from the dyke. Daphne perceived it on his return, and when the good-natured youth expressed his joy that the old man had recovered his kid, she said, what is the old man's kid to you, see (pointing to the dirt upon his coat) what you have gained by being so officious.

A little fair water, said Dorcas, will wash the dirt from Richard's coat, but the pleasure of reflecting that he has done a good-natured action, cannot so easily be taken from him.

Daphne replied, that the service her brother had done the old man, was so trifling it was not worth talking of.

I grant, said Dorcas, that the service was small, but the readiness with which Richard performed it, convinces me that had it been greater he would have been better pleased. A good disposition, Daphne, will discover itself in the merest trifles; we are not required to perform things beyond the compass of our ability. God, my children, is so gracious that he looks upon the *motive* from whence our actions spring, not upon the effect

effect produced by them, and if that motive is good, he is so bountiful that even in this life he permits us frequently to meet our reward. The flocks and herds which graze upon the neighbouring hills, the fields of yellow corn that wave around us, and bless my age with plenty, these, my children, are the reward of a compassionate heart.

Daphne and her brother listened attentively to the words of their grand-dame, and when she ceased they still looked up to her with an inquiring eye. Dorcas perceived their curiosity, and satisfied it by relating the following story, she began thus :

Though I am now old and wrinkled, my children, I was once young and blooming as yourselves ; these white hairs, Daphne, once flowed upon my shoulders in ringlets of gold like yours, and I had teeth as white and even as Richard's. If you live, my children, such will be the change you must one day experience : on the approach of age the beauties of youth will decay, and you will find that a good conscience, the recollection of a well-spent life, can only afford

you

you consolation, and crown your latter days with pleasure and repose. I was born many long miles from hence, my father obtained a livelihood by making crooks and flutes for the shepherds of the hamlet where we lived. My mother died when I was only three years old, and at eight I was sent to watch the flocks of the shepherds.

One evening returning with some girls of my own age, I observed an old woman ascend the hill where my father lived, as she drew nigh we knew her to be old Mary; she lived at the bottom of the hill, and her wonderful knowledge of simples was talked of for many miles round the country, old Mary's advice was sought far and near. In fevers and the tertian ague, none could exceed her, and in coughs and green wounds she was said to be infallible; she might have been rich, but she would take no money; she used to say, that to cure the sick and to heal the lame was a divine office, and not to be bartered for gold. She followed the scripture, and let the morrow provide for itself, and she never wanted. One would bring her

her a basket of eggs, another a bowl of cream, another a cheese, another a loaf of brown bread, and in shearing-time old Mary's winter gown was never forgot. She was satisfied with little, and what she did not use she daily gave away to the poor.

Here comes poor old Mary, I said to the girls who were with me, she is gathering of simples, let us go and help her. My companions said, old Mary is cross and peevish, the other day as we passed through her garden we plucked some strawberries, and she chid us; she may gather simples herself, for ~~we~~ we will not help her.

You should not, said I, have plucked her strawberries without leave. Mary is old, my father says she is more than threescore and ten, see how she totters at every step, were we as old and feeble we should be cross and peevish too.

My companions laughed and turned another way, I ran to old Mary, and said, mother give me your basket, shew me what I shall gather that I may help you.

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God bless you my good child, said old Mary, and gave me her basket, I well remember she was seeking bear's-foot and plantain. She sat upon the hill while I gathered the herbs, and afterwards we walked together to her cottage; old Mary leaned upon my arm, and I carried the basket. God bless you my good child, she said again, as I walked at her side, when you are old and feeble may you find one as kind and considerate.

When we came to the door of her cottage, I would have left her, but she made me go in and eat some strawberries and cream.

My heart yearned toward poor old Mary; the next evening about the time she usually came out to gather fresh herbs, I went to the top of the vale where she lived and waited for her. I would not go to her cottage, because of the strawberries and cream she had given me, I feared it might seem like asking for more, but when I saw her walk toward the hill, I ran and took her basket and filled it, and set it down at her door,

door; though she pressed me I would not go in because of the strawberries and cream.

Every evening I did the same; when the shepherds penned the folds, I used to hasten to the top of the valley, wait till I saw old Mary leave her cottage, and fill her basket. In return she instructed me in the nature of plants. My comrades used to laugh me to scorn, for wasting, they said, the time I might have spent in childish sports with a peevish old woman, but I loved old Mary and thirsted after knowledge.

“How bountiful,” my child, “she used to say, “is God! from the simple weed beneath our feet, to the spreading elm which defends us from the noon-day sun; he has provided for the wants of his creatures, not a plant, not the simplest blade of grass has he made in vain:” then she would unfold their hidden natures, the root, the stem, the leaf, the blossom, each had its separate virtue; Mary knew them all: I could have listened to her with delight from the dawning of day to the close of evening.

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I carefully treasured up her words in my heart, to this day they are still fresh in my remembrance. Poor old Mary! I loved her as my mother; the infirmities of age made her sometimes peevish, but she was kind and good to all. The whole village wept at her funeral, even those who in her life-time thought her peevish and ill-natured, shed a tear upon her grave, and in the multitude of her good qualities forgot her little frailties. I gathered simples for her till the last, and was with her when she died. She left me the cup she used to drink out of, her winter apples, and old Snap her dog.

When I was thirteen years old, my father died. His brother, who came to see him in his last sickness, took charge of me, and brought me with him to this village where he lived. My uncle, who was a rich farmer, designed to make me useful in his own family, but my aunt, who was a sordid woman, opposed his kindness, and obliged him to seek out a service for me.

It was my fortune to watch the flocks of Alcon, one of the most wealthy shepherds of

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the village; one day as he returned from his morning walk, a thorn pierced his foot, at first he felt little inconvenience from the wound, but afterward it grew worse, and the pain became so violent, that it was supposed, unless speedily put a stop to, a mortification would ensue, every application was tried, but all to no purpose, and Alcon, as well as those about him, believed that he was not long for this world: as I had carefully treasured up the precepts of old Mary, I entreated him to make trial of my skill, as his case was desperate he consented, though he entertained small hopes of relief, and suffered me to apply to the wound some herbs, which wrought so favourable a change, that to the surprize of every one, in a few days Alcon was able to walk in his pastures.

The good shepherd, who considered himself as one raised from the grave, rated the service I had done him far above its deserts; it was in truth no more than an act of humanity it was my duty to fulfil, but my grateful master and his good wife Jacintha, seemed to think they could never sufficiently re-

compence

compence it. I ate at their table, went cloathed in the best, and was treated as their daughter. Three years after my kind mistress died, and the next year my master was borne to his grave; his affection and gratitude to me continued to his last hour, for having no children of his own, he bequeathed to me his numerous flocks and wide extended pastures. This cottage once belonged to the good old shepherd, and these surrounding meadows and corn-fields.

Such good-fortune, my children, continued Dörkas, would not have befallen me, had I, like my companions, left old Mary to toil up the hill bending under the weight of fourscore years; I had compassion on her age, and she rewarded me with that knowledge which rendered me serviceable to my generous master, and made me one of the richest inhabitants of our village.

Here Dorcas ceased, and perceiving the damps of night begin to fall, arose and withdrew into her cottage, followed by Richard and Daphne.

The DEATH of the FAWN.

TIMON and Lycidas were the sons of an old shepherd called Menelas; Timon, the eldest, was skilled in the exercise of the bow. He pursued the wild boar over the steepy mountain, and roused the fierce tiger in the lonely wood.

The strains of Lycidas were admired by every shepherd, he tended his flock on the banks of a pleasant stream, or in the peaceful grove breathed soft melody from his tuneful flute.

The couch of the old shepherd Menelas was spread with the soft skin of a spotted leopard, which Timon had killed, and the walls of his cottage were hung with the like trophies of his sons' victories.

Lycidas cultivated his father's garden, sowed his grain, and assisted nature in supplying him with the most delicious flavoured fruits. The youths differed as widely in their

their tempers, as in their occupations; Timon was rash and violent, Lycidas was mild and engaging, yet they loved each other with the sincerest affection, their hearts were as closely knit by the soft bonds of friendship, as by the tie of nature. Lycidas celebrated his brother's courage and exploits in his sonnets, and was observed never to sing so well as when Timon was his theme. Timon could not compose sonnets, but when the shepherds said, "how gentle is Lycidas, how ravishing are his strains!" A smile of honest joy confessed that it was grateful to his ear. Once as Timon was passing through a grove a shepherd sung to his lute, the youth stepped on one side to listen, the song was in praise of Lycidas. Timon greedily caught every sound, and when the shepherd had ended, rushed from behind the tree which had concealed him, and said, "Shepherd thou hast sung well," and, in the transport of his heart, threw at his feet the skin of a tiger he had that day slain.

Once Lycidas was present when Timon encountered a wild boar, a false step threw

Timon to the ground, and he was in danger of being torn to pieces, when Lycidas armed only with his sheep-hook, at the hazard of his life stepped forward, and by diverting the fury of the animal, gave his brother time to rise and defend himself.

Lycidas and Timon were distinguished as the pattern of fraternal affection, until a young shepherd named Marcus came to reside in the village. Marcus was gentle and engaging, modest and ingenuous; it is natural for similar virtues to produce affection and esteem. Lycidas was pleased with his new neighbour, who equally returned his friendship. They daily led their flocks to the same shade, watered them at the same spring, and at evening penned them within one fold.

Timon at first admitted Marcus to a share in his friendship, and joined with Lycidas in admiring his virtues; but in a short time he began to view him with a jealous eye. Timon was by nature subject to certain jealousies and starts of passion, which rendered him at times a burden to himself and others;

he fancied, because the manners of Marcus were more gentle and polished than his own, that Lycidas esteemed him more. The thought of being supplanted in the affections of his brother, was death to Timon, it roused him to the highest degree of phrenzy; every time he saw Lycidas and Marcus together he could have torn up the ground for madness; viewing every thing through the medium of a distempered imagination, he believed they were either conversing of his imperfections, or plotting some scheme to injure him.

Lycidas bore his reproaches with patience, and endeavoured to cure his unreasonable jealousy by repeated assurances of a sincere and unalterable affection, but all would not do; his mildness was mistook by Timon for coolness and indifference, and confirmed him in the opinion that he was no longer in possession of his brother's esteem.

Lycidas pitied his unhappy temper, and because he would not irritate it, was less frequently seen with Marcus, but others were not so generous and considerate; among the shepherds there were not wanting those

those who took a malicious pleasure in what is called *playing on his failing*; one would tell Timon out of mere wantonness, that Lycidas had ridiculed the song he sung at the last sheep-shearing; another would pretend that Lycidas had promised the thrush, he had refused Timon, to his neighbour Marenecas, not that they wished to make a breach between the brothers, but they knew the unhappy tenaciousness of Timon's temper, and took an ungenerous pleasure in laughing at his folly. Once as Timon was pursuing the chace, he discovered a little fawn caught in the thicket, he saved it alive, and was at great pains to tame, and teach it a variety of entertaining tricks. It would run round the meadows as if pursued by the hunters, fain itself taken, and kneel at the feet of its master as if begging for life.

This fawn Timon had given to Lycidas, who doubly prized it; first, because it was the gift of a brother whom he sincerely loved, and secondly, because of its good-nature and tractability.

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One day a roughish shepherd seeing Timon in one of his jealous humours, asked him whether he had seen his brother's fawn of late? The question made Timon recollect that he had not for some days past observed it as usual with Lycidas. He was ready to take fire on the slightest occasion, and impatiently asked the shepherd what he knew concerning it?

Nay, said the shepherd, with an arch smile, do not be alarmed, I can assure you it is alive and well, for not an hour ago I saw it feeding out of your neighbour Marcus's hand as he sat at the door of his cottage. This was enough for Timon, he changed colour, bit his lips, and, as his custom was, stormed, inveighing bitterly against the ingratitude and unkindness of his brother, who he was persuaded had given the fawn to Marcus. The shepherd laughed heartily at his folly, and counselled him to give over such ridiculous jealousy, and be less ready to listen to tales to his brother's prejudice, but Timon was neither in a humour to bear the jest, nor accept the council; the mirth of the shepherd
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but the more incensed him, he flung from him in a rage, and resolved that instant to go and reproach Lycidas with his supposed ingratitude.

As he walked to his father's cottage his passion cooled, and he began to reflect, that to reproach Lycidas with this instance of his unkindness, might appear like assuming to himself a sort of power over the animal, after having given it to his brother. This Timon thought ungenerous.

Lycidas, said Timon, has undoubtedly a right to do with the fawn what he chuses; I gave it to him, and I once thought he would have prized it because it was mine, but I was mistaken.

As Timon drew toward home, he could not forbear entertaining hopes that he might see the little fawn frisking at the heels of its master, but Lycidas advanced to meet his brother, but the fawn was not with him, this so incensed Timon, that although he had resolved to bury the supposed injury in his bosom, he could scarcely refrain from loading Lycidas with reproaches; he was now
convinced

convinced that he had given it to Marcus, and nothing but pride kept him from giving vent to the transports of his rage.

Lycidas perceived the perturbation of his brother's mind, and anxiously enquired the cause, but Timon being too proud to own the true one, pretended indisposition, and when supper was over made that a pretence for retiring to bed.

Early the next morning he arose, and taking his bow and quiver, left his father's cottage before any one was stirring, for as Timon was a novice in dissembling, and yet wished to conceal his chagrin from Lycidas, he was glad of an opportunity to avoid an interview.

Timon passed the morning in his accustomed sports, but growing fatigued toward noon, he retired to the cool recesses of a wood. As he sat reclined beneath the embowering shade, he heard the tinkling of a fold, and presently, at a little distance, he perceived Lycidas and his neighbour Marcus passing through the wood. The fawn followed them, and revived in Timon's mind
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all the painful sensations that had tormented him the night before. His rage blazed afresh, he was perfectly frantic, and seizing his bow which lay by the side of him, he precipitately launched a fatal dart at the inoffensive animal, which instantly fell dead at its master's feet.

Lycidas instantly ran to see who had taken so cruel an aim, but how was he surprized at finding it to be his brother!

That Timon had killed the fawn was evident, for the fatal instrument of his vengeance still rested in his hand; but Lycidas admitted not a thought that he had intentionally done so, he believed the misfortune to have proceeded from chance.

Oh Timon! said Lycidas, you have killed my pretty fawn! Poor Dap lies bleeding at the foot of yon cedar.

Say rather, said Timon, with a malicious smile, that I have killed Marcus's fawn.

Marcus, my brother, said Lycidas, has no fawn: it is my pretty Dap who lies there pierced to the heart.

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I am glad of it, said Timon, bluntly.

Did you then design to kill my poor fawn? returned Lycidas, in the utmost astonishment. Timon hung his head, and made no reply, for he began to be ashamed of what he had done.

Could you be so cruel Timon? said Lycidas, you gave me the poor inoffensive thing, and I prized her the more because she was the gift of my brother.

Why then, said Timon, did you give it to Marcus?

What do you mean? said Lycidas, I never gave my fawn to Marcus.

Were that true, said Timon, I could almost resolve never more to draw my bow-string. No Lycidas, you gave my fawn to Marcus, Alexis saw it feed in the shepherd's cottage. Marcus, said Lycidas, has a playful kid, he wished it to learn the gambols poor Dap has so often played before us, there has it fed three days in the cottage of Marcus. This morning Timon he brought the poor thing home.

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And was this all? said Timon.

Alas! my brother, said Lycidas, why were you so cruel and rash?

I thought, said Timon, that you had given my fawn to Marcus, I was hurt, and, in my anger, pierced the little wretch with my arrow.

Why did you not tell me your suspicions Timon? said Lycidas, then I had undeceived you, and poor Dap might still have been alive.

Ah! Lycidas, said Timon, who now heartily repented what he had done, had you the same friendship for your brother, as before Marcus came into the village, this would not have happened; I should not then have suspected that you would have set so little store by my gift.

Alas! my brother, said Lycidas, be not so jealous, must I hate Marcus, because I love Timon! I know not to exercise the bow, nor to combat with the beasts of the forest, while Timon pursues the chase, must Lycidas be solitary and unsocial?

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The friendship of Marcus and Lycidas, said Timon, is in the mouth of every shepherd; the *brothers* they say are no longer friends, Lycidas is no longer seen with Timon in the grove or on the lawn.

Ah! my brother, said the gentle youth, is it not you who fly the society of Lycidas? When Marcus and Lycidas discourse, returned the other, Timon can be but an intruder.

Nay, my brother, said Lycidas, be not so suspicious, I tend my flocks with Marcus, I listen to his flute, and am pleased to discourse with the good-natured youth, but when Timon returns from the chace, I meet him with a brother's affection, with a friend's embrace.

The shepherds, replied Timon, say that you ridicule my songs; the thrush, Lycidas, which you refused to me, you designed for the shepherd Meneleas.

Ah! Timon, said Lycidas, the shepherds see you are captious and jealous, therefore do they laugh at your folly, and abuse you with false tales, if you esteemed your brother, Timon, you would not listen to them.

Marcus who had followed Lycidas, and been an ear witness to all that passed, now broke silence; he said that he had of late with the utmost concern, observed that he was an interruption to the friendship of two brothers whom he sincerely esteemed, and that to escape so painful a reflection, he was come to the resolution of foregoing their society, and removing from the village, which he designed to do as speedily as possible.

Timon, with how little reason soever, had conceived the idea, that Marcus undermined him in the esteem of his brother, by insinuations to his prejudice. The disinterested resolution which the youth had communicated filled him with amazement; it convinced him of his mistake, and made him ashamed of the suspicions he had entertained.

Timon began to perceive the errors and absurdities which a jealous and violent temper had led him into. He acknowledged that he was unworthy the friendship of Lycidas or Marcus, but he assured them, from that day it should be his study to deserve it by correcting the violence and jealousy
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of his temper; a resolution to which his future conduct proved he continued stedfast.

Lycidas and Marcus embraced Timon, and made him happy by mutual assurances of forgiveness and affection.

The fate of poor Dap, whom they buried on the spot where she received the fatal wound, convinced Timon how dangerous it is to indulge the impulse of passion, or to *censure* a friend, unless we are first, by undubitable proofs, convinced that our judgment is founded upon just grounds. Lycidas, returned with Marcus to his flocks, rejoicing in the happy prospect of his brother's reformation, though, as well as Timon, he wished it had been effected without *the death of the fawn*.

The OLD STARLING.

AS an old shepherd was one beautiful summer's day passing through a pleasant valley, the skies became on a sudden obscured with clouds, and drops of rain threatened an approaching storm. The shepherd made what speed he could to shelter himself in a cave hard by, to which a poor boy, who sold baskets, and other pretty fancies made of rushes and flags, had repaired the minute before. The boy seeing the shepherd enter, thought it a good opportunity to display his wares, which he accordingly did, and entreated him with great earnestness to make a purchase. The shepherd at first refused, but observing that misery and dejection was strongly impressed on the boy's countenance, compassion induced him to relent, and he took two of the baskets.

The boy was very thankful for the trifle he received for them, and declared that he had

not that day broken his fast. The old man, as is usual in such cases, asked why, since he appeared to have health and strength, he did not get better employ than idling about with those trifles?

The poor boy sighed, and said no one would employ him. Then, replied the shepherd, I fear they know you to be either idle or dishonest.

Alas! said the boy, though I am poor and friendless, I am honest and willing to work—would any one employ me.

You have then no friends? said the shepherd.

None, replied the boy, but God; the shepherds shun me and drive me from their pastures.

The old man's curiosity was raised, he bid the boy sit down by him, upon a stone that lay in the cave, and tell him without reserve why the shepherds shunned him, and drove him from their pastures?

The boy with that confidence natural to innocence, readily complied, and during the shower which still continued, he related his story,

story, and began thus: It is only a few weeks past, said he, that I was so unfortunate as to come to this place, for I was born and bred in a village ten miles distant. My parents, as I was told, were honest but very poor; they died when I was so young that I do not remember them, and I must have perished for want, had it not been for my father's neighbour, the good Peter; he had compassion on my helpless age, and though he depended for a livelihood only on the labour of his hands, he took the charge of me, and bred me up with the tenderness of a parent. When I was able to follow the plow, I went out to work with him, and as I grew older he taught me to sow and to use the scythe.

Peter was a father to me; he died, and then I first knew sorrow. In the last harvest time he was borne to the grave; my heart was almost broken, I wished I could have been buried with him. He left me all he had, the furniture of his cottage; but Menaleas his brother, unlike my dear master, though he had enough wished for more, and seized upon the little all he had left. Had it been

ten times as much I would not have contended with the brother of Peter, all I asked was my master's *old starling*, he had reared the poor bird from the nest, and but a few hours before he died, said to me, "Robin, when I am gone be kind to poor Ralph."

My master's brother bought some land that lay near the cottage, and employed me to cultivate it. I lived with him till two months ago, when, having no farther occasion for my services, he discharged me. A foolish desire (which I have repented ever since) of seeing strange places, led me to seek my fortune in this village. Every one has heard of the shepherd Meleobens, I need not tell you, shepherd, that when we stand at the top of the valley his flocks and extensive corn-fields stretch as far as the eye can take in; harvest-time drawing nigh, I set out with two lads of our village to offer my service to Meleobens.

I did not leave Ralph behind, for the sake of my dear, dear, master, I resolved the poor bird should share with me to the last morsel of what I earned. I took up my lodging

lodging with Colin, an honest cottager, who lives not many furlongs from hence. He told me that Meleobens was gone a journey into a far part of the country, and had left the care of his flocks and harvest to his son Dameas, a youth, who though only sixteen, was said to possess the prudence and virtues of his father. The next morning I went to offer myself to Dameas, and was overjoyed when he consented to rank me among his father's labourers. I had been in his service only a few days, when one evening after I returned from work, my young master in passing the cottage where I lodged stopped, as I had been told he had more than once done before, to admire the old starling which hung at the door. Poor Peter had taught it to talk and whistle several tunes, which attracted the notice of Dameas; he listened to it some time, and seeing me at the door enquired who it belonged to? I said it was mine, and he replied I must have that bird Robin, what shall I give you for it? Sir, I answered, I hope you will not be offended, but indeed I cannot sell it.

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I must have it, said he, I have long wished for a starling which would whistle as that does, I will give you what you ask for it.

I did not know what to say, and yet it would have gone to my heart to sell my poor master's old favourite. Sir, said I, I will get another bird and teach it to whistle, but indeed I cannot part with this.

Dameas interrupted me, and said I will give you five pieces of silver for it, I have taken a fancy to the bird and must have it.

If you would give me ten, nay twenty pieces of silver, Sir, said I, I could not part with it, I prize it above money, for it belonged to my dear friend and master, who is now, alas! no more.

Dameas turned away in great anger, and said, you shall repent this obstinacy. I endeavoured to soften his displeasure, by telling him of my old master's kindness, and that a few hours before his death he had bid me take care of his starling, but it was all in vain, he flung from me in a rage, saying again, that I should repent my obstinacy.

The next day I went to work as usual, and

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I was overjoyed to observe in my young master no marks of the resentment he had threatened the night before; in the course of the day, he several times took occasion to speak to me with great kindness, and I foolishly thought he had forgot what had passed, but I was mistaken; my refusal of the starling still rankled in his mind, and he only waited for a convenient opportunity to take a cruel revenge.

Three days after he was base enough to charge me before all the reapers, with stealing some sheafs of wheat, the heaven is my witness, that I never wronged him of an ear. I was so shocked that for some time I could not speak, and this Dameas said was a proof of my guilt, then I was roused, and endeavoured to convince him of my innocence, but Dameas would listen to nothing I could say, and dismissed me from his service, forbidding me ever after to be seen in his father's pastures. I returned overwhelmed with shame and grief, and told Colin of what had happened; he endeavoured to dry up my tears, by promising to get me another service

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but alas! this was not so easy as we both thought, the story of my disgrace was quickly known in the village, and I was shunned as a thief, who had abused the confidence of the best of masters. In vain I called my fellow-labourers to witness my integrity, they were either afraid of offending their master, by speaking for me, or thought he was too just to accuse me but upon sure grounds, all I said to prove my innocence was to no purpose, every one believed the wealthy son of Meleobens, before poor friendless Robin, even my old friends turned their backs upon me in my distress, and refused to return in my company to the village we had left. Their unkindness made me dread the thought of seeing my native place, where I doubted not they would publish my disgrace, yet I was in danger of starving here, for no one would employ me. Necessity made me think of an art I had learnt in my childhood, and of the rushes and flags that grew by the rivers I wove these baskets and toys, by which I have for these three weeks past just kept myself from starving. Colin, my good host, charita-

bly affords me a shelter in his cottage, and I think myself happy if I can every day get a scanty meal for myself and poor Ralph, the innocent cause of my misfortune.

The old man thanked Robin for his narrative, and the storm being over, they walked together up the valley, at the top of which, being arrived at the door of Colin's cottage, Robin took leave of his venerable companion.

The next morning, Robin going out with his baskets as usual, followed two shepherds, from whose conversation he learnt that Meleobens the father of Dameas was returned; but what was his surprize, when a few hours after returning to Colin's cottage, he was told that the old shepherd had just sent for him.

Robin was greatly alarmed, for though he was not conscious of any crime, he had too severely felt the effects of Dameas's baseness not to dread it in future. He was sensible that Meleobens was the richest and most powerful shepherd in the country, and he knew not how far his ungenerous son might carry his revenge. How many times did he wish, as he
slowly

slowly walked to the mansion of the old shepherd, that he had never left the peaceful hamlet in which he had been bred! he even repented that he had not yielded to the request of Dameas, and given up poor Ralph. Robin's fears were greatly encreased when he perceived the pasture before the mansion of the old shepherd crowded with the inhabitants of the village; Meleobens and his son stood in the midst, but great was Robin's astonishment when, upon a near approach, in Meleobens he perceived the venerable shepherd to whom he had the evening before related his story in the cave. Robin knew not from this circumstance whether to draw hope or fear, but the presence of Dameas made the latter prevail, and he advanced with great dread, till encouraged by a smile of approbation from Meleobens. Dameas was also disconcerted at the presence of Robin, but he soon recovered his composure, little supposing his father had received such a circumstantial detail of his perfidy, he thought he could easily overpower the complaints a poor friendless timid boy was come, he

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imagined, to make against him, with this view he represented him to his father as an idle dishonest boy who was come to abuse him with a false tale.

The old shepherd asked upon what grounds he supposed him to be dishonest?

Dameas repeated the story of the wheat-sheafs.

Meleobens asked what proof he had of the lad's having stolen them?

Dameas was unprepared for this question, he hesitated, and after some time, said that he had been told so by one of the reapers.

Meleobens desired he might be immediately called to confront the accused.

Dameas was again at a stand, the request being repeated, he told his father, that he had made a solemn promise not to discover the person who told him. This excuse not being accepted by the old shepherd, Dameas had recourse to another falsehood, and said, the labourer who had accused Robin had some days ago left the village.

Meleobens, who, from these artful evasions, was fully convinced of his son's guilt, forbade him

him, sternly, to encrease his crime by endeavouring to conceal it by a falsehood, he added, that he was well acquainted with every circumstance of his base conduct, and that, if he valued his forgiveness, or future favour, he must that instant before all present acknowledge his injustice.

Dameas was very unwilling to undergo this humiliation, but knowing the inflexibility of his father's justice, yielded to necessity, and confessed, that to revenge himself upon Robin for refusing to sell him his starling, he had been induced to invent the calumny.

Every one present was astonished at the baseness of Dameas and heartily despised him. Meleobens severely reprimanded his son, and the youth, to palliate his conduct, urged it as unbecoming in a boy who laboured in his father's pastures to contend with him for a paltry bird, for which he offered to give him five times the value.

Though the lad, said Meleobens, laboured in the pastures of your father, I know not any claim you could have upon his property. He had

had an undoubted right to contend for his own, and the reasons he gave you for refusing to part with the bird; by discovering his gratitude and affection to his old master, should have gained him your esteem and approbation. I am shocked and wounded more than I can express when I reflect on the depravity of your conduct. May our honest neighbours, my son, whom in justice to the injured I have assembled to hear the confession of your guilt, as they witness your shame, be equally the witnesses of your repentance, and trace it in every future action of your life. It is this hope only which could support your aged and unhappy father under the anguish he now feels, and which, if realized, will restore to him that peace, of which the knowledge of your baseness will otherwise forever rob him.

Dameas, who sincerely loved his father, was touched with the affecting conclusion of his speech, he shed tears of contrition, and began his reformation, by entreating the forgiveness of Robin and all present. It was readily granted by the poor boy, who was so
overjoyed

overjoyed at his innocency being proved, that he entirely lost all resentment for the past; but it was not so with others. The impression which Dameas's baseness had made upon the minds of the villagers could not so easily be erased, they sincerely hoped that his repentance was sincere, but as time could only prove it so, that only could re-instate him in their affections. Every one present returned to his habitation extolling the justice of Meleobens, who not only took Robin into his service, but as a reward for the gratitude he had shewn to his old master, gave him a piece of land of no inconsiderable dimensions: he allowed him a stated time in each day to cultivate it, and the produce in a few years amounted to a sum which enabled Robin to build upon it a cottage, in which he spent the remainder of his life, happy in himself, and respected by his neighbours.

T H E E N D.

had an undoubted right to contend for his own, and the reasons he gave you for refusing to part with the bird; by discovering his gratitude and affection to his old master, should have gained him your esteem and approbation. I am shocked and wounded more than I can express when I reflect on the depravity of your conduct. May our honest neighbours, my son, whom in justice to the injured I have assembled to hear the confession of your guilt, as they witness your shame, be equally the witnesses of your repentance, and trace it in every future action of your life. It is this hope only which could support your aged and unhappy father under the anguish he now feels, and which, if realized, will restore to him that peace, of which the knowledge of your baseness will otherwise forever rob him.

Dameas, who sincerely loved his father, was touched with the affecting conclusion of his speech, he shed tears of contrition, and began his reformation, by entreating the forgiveness of Robin and all present. It was readily granted by the poor boy, who was so
overjoyed

overjoyed at his innocence being proved, that he entirely lost all resentment for the past; but it was not so with others. The impression which Dameas's baseness had made upon the minds of the villagers could not so easily be erased, they sincerely hoped that his repentance was sincere, but as time could only prove it so, that only could re-instate him in their affections. Every one present returned to his habitation extolling the justice of Meleobens, who not only took Robin into his service, but as a reward for the gratitude he had shewn to his old master, gave him a piece of land of no inconsiderable dimensions: he allowed him a stated time in each day to cultivate it, and the produce in a few years amounted to a sum which enabled Robin to build upon it a cottage, in which he spent the remainder of his life, happy in himself, and respected by his neighbours.

T H E E N D.

in the history of the church, that
the Holy Spirit is the source of all
grace and truth. The Holy Spirit
is the one who dwells in the hearts
of the faithful, and who guides them
into all truth. The Holy Spirit is the
one who gives us the power to resist
the devil, the flesh, and the world.
The Holy Spirit is the one who gives
us the power to love one another
as ourselves. The Holy Spirit is the
one who gives us the power to
forgive one another. The Holy Spirit
is the one who gives us the power
to live in peace and harmony with
all men. The Holy Spirit is the one
who gives us the power to be
witnesses of the Gospel in all
places and at all times. The Holy
Spirit is the one who gives us the
power to be faithful to the Church
and to the Pope. The Holy Spirit is
the one who gives us the power to
be holy and to love God with all
our heart, mind, and strength, and
to love our neighbor as ourselves.

